*Nor.* A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
*Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,*
*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

*King.* A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuisd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

*His Oration to his Armie.*

What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittains whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Drawn



Draw archers draw, your arrowes
Spur your proud horses hard, and
Amaze the welkin with your br
What saies lord Stanley, will he b
*Mes.* My lord, he doth denie t
*King.* Off with his sonne Geo
*Nor.* My lord, the enemie is pa
After the battaile let George Sta
*King.* A thousand harts are gr
Aduance our standards, set vpon
Our ancient word of courage fa
Inspire vs with the spleene of fie
Vpon them, victorie sits on our

*Alarum, excursions, E*

*Cates.* Rescew my lord of No
The king enacts more wonders
Daring an opposite to euerie da
His horse is slaine, and all on foo
Seeking for Richmond in the th
Rescew faire lord, or else the day

*Enter R.*

*Kin.* A horse, a horse, my king
*Cates.* Withdraw my lord, ile
*King.* Slaue I haue set my life
And I will stand the hazard of t
I thinke there be sixe Richmon
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead
A horse, a horse, my kingdome f

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richm*

*slain, then retrait being sounded*
*ring the crowne, with other Lord*

*Ri.* God and your armes be
The day is ours, the bloodie do
*Dar.* Couragious Richmond
Loe here this long vsurped roia
From the dead temples of this b
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy
Weare it, enioy it, and make mu